A

SERMON

OR

The Survey of Man.

Taken by *J. B.*

As it was Delivered at his Fathers Funeral, *September* 4th. 1638.

Ut tibi Mors felix contingat, vivere disce.
Ut felix possis vivere, disce mori.
Cæl. Calcagninus.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE APOLOGIE.

Hearken, O people, as fellow-feeling members: and look not but with moistned Eyes on my Complaints.

THE Lord hath filled my Cup full, even to the brim; yea, it doth overflow: but wo, and alas, it is with afflictions! Did not these * Tokens of Gods wrath, that here you see to be fixed on my Face, portend the evils for to come, (just punishments for sin) at once to be bereft of both my neerest Friends? When *Epaphroditus* escaped death, *God was mercifull unto me,* said *Paul, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow*: I have escaped death; God be merciful unto me, that have sorrows upon sorrow; not one or two, but an heap of sorrows. *The sorrows of Death have compassed me about on every side,* may now, as once said * *David*: I meet with them at every turn; on my right hand, and on my left hand too: Here, on this, we have these my Fathers Corps, sad spectacle of Mortality, present before our eyes: There, on that, we may soon behold the place where she, good Woman, dear Mother, * lately has been interred. And which way now should I turn my self? no place can be free from Grief, I have no sanctuary to fly unto; how then should the Pulpit shelter me? In this perplexity you may perhaps expect to see a flood of Tears distilling from my blubbering eyes: yet how should I weep at all? when you know that where the water stands it is the deepest; great * sorrows strike dumb; and the lesse the sound is of our grief, the greater is the sense thereof. In this perplexity, you may perhaps expect

* The small Pox.

Phil. 2. 17.

Psal. 18. 3.

* Twenty dayes before.

* *Parva loquuntur curæ, ingentes stupent*

to hear more ſighs and ſobs, then words to iſſue through my mouth: yet how ſhould I be ſilent, when the dead ſhall bid me ſpeak. Then blame not (I pray, my brethren) though I preſume to take this heavy task upon me; and think not that I ſoar to high above my Sphear, beeing thus deeply plunged in this Gulf of miſery: but rather beſeech Almighty God to enable me in the performance of this my laſt duty, which I owe to my Fathers Will; and that my Paſſion may be overruled by Patience, which will beſt manifeſt my ſelf to be the true Son of this my deceaſed Parent, who here remains a lively pattern of Patience unto us, and *Job* was a pattern of Patience unto him, that even in the midſt of his afflictions offended not with his tongue: only perchance he did (like *Job*) bewail the eſtate of our humane miſery: and therefore out of the complaints of *Job*, I ſhall now derive the grounds of my preſent Diſcourſe, as it is written in his fourteenth Chapter, and the tenth Verſe. *Job* the 14th and the 10th it is thus written. *Man dyeth, and waſteth away: Yea, man yieldeth up the Ghoſt: and where is he?* The latter part of the Verſe: *Man yieldeth up the Ghoſt: and where is he?*

THE PROLOGUE.

Text. Job 14. 10.
Man giveth up the Ghoſt: and where is he?

Johan. Boldung.

Bozrah, a City on this ſide *Jordan*, the Metropolis of *Idumea*, was the Birth-place of moſt patient *Job*, born not long before the dayes of *Moſes*, ſince the Creation 2270. The fift or ſixt in deſcent from *Eſau*: *Zerah* was his Father, and himſelf called *Jobab*, at *Gen.* 36. No leſs then a Duke by birth; being Heir apparent and Lord Controuler of his Fathers Family. One of great Hopes even from his Infancie: and grown up unto riper years, he begins to look about the World, travelling a little Northward towards the land of *Huz*, the confines of his Native Soil: where his preſent converſation doth

Job 1. Ver. 1.

ſoon

ſoon expreſs the goodneſs of his diſpoſition, to be both temperate and wiſe, juſt, perfect, and upright in all things. This it is that won the hearts of the common people, and their King *Bela* is no ſooner dead, but they ſet him in his Regal Throne: where he ſoon became the moſt renowned Potentate of all the Eaſt: for the name of *Job* was exceeding famous, together with his wealth: nothing was wanting to advance his happineſs. But ſtay a little, and ſee the Vanity of our frail nature, even in its beſt condition. *Job* all this while is thus proſperous, but to be made the more unhappy: he is now climb'd up to the height of Fortunes wheel; and at the next turn his fall will be but the greater. What though God had placed him above the reach of humane malice? yet his uprightneſs ſhall never want a Devil, as long as hell can yield him one. *Sathan* now is become his Calumniator, and ſaid unto the Lord; *Doth Job ſerve God for nought? only deſtroy his wealth and ſubſtance; then he will curſe thee to thy face.* On this falſe ſuggeſtion, the Lord lets the Devil looſe: who begins with his aſſes and his oxen, which he cauſed the *Sabeans* to ſteal away; and left but one ſervant alive to bring the newes: next, fire from Heaven conſumed his ſheep: then the *Chaldeans* fell upon his camels: laſt of all, he loſt his Children by the downfall of their feaſting-houſe: and ſtill (as the Devil would have it) to augment their grief, one only eſcaped to bring the newes. Notwithſtanding all this *Job* was ſtill upright, he fell upon his face and worſhipped. Hereupon *Sathan* reneweth his ſuit unto the Lord, and gets a larger commiſſion, even to tempt *Job* in his proper perſon; then he ſmote him with boils and blanes in every part, no place was left to reſt him on; all ſick from top to toe; as many diſeaſes as members in his body. The moſt general was the worſt of ulcers: hence iſſued worms and ſtreams of corrupted Humors, whereunto is joyned a * fleſh-conſuming leproſie. He had the Quinſie in his neck and throat: diſeaſes of the joynts and gout: *morbus pedicularis*: the Dyſenterie or bloody flix: Colick, and torments of the * Reins: * Aſtma, and the Hectick Feaver: Pluriſie and a frightful ſleep: Sore eyes and Head-ache: and a whole diſeaſed bodie: all inflamed by

Verſe 9.
11.
15.
16.
19.
20.
Chap. 2. Verſe 4.
6.
7.

* *Ut ſcripſit Galenus.*
* Chap. 39. * 16.
* Difficulty of breathing.
Chap. 19. 17.

by the inward heat of a peſtilent and biting humor: The dunghill is now become his Throne, and he that not long before did abound in ſilks, for want of linen and ſound nails, doth ſcrape his ſcabs with a broken Potſheard. Oh the exceeding miſery of a man that had a Kingdom at command, yet now is ready to famiſh for want of bread! He had not a morſel for his belly, before his Wife (from door to door) had begged it: who (after his fifteen years continuance in this calamity) ſaid unto him; *Doeſt thou ſtill retain thine integrity? curſe God, and dye.* Lo here the malice of the Devil, which had left him nothing but his Wife and Tongue, that with the latter he might blaſpheme the Lord, and the former might ſerve as an inſtrument for to tempt him to it. Notwithſtanding this *Job* did not ſin. But although he did not curſe his God, yet he did his birthday in his third Chapter: neither blame him for it, for the anguiſh of his ſoul was exceeding great, that at length burſt forth into this (or the like) moſt doleful exclamation.

Chap. 2. 8.

1 *Baſil.* (*Chryſ. Olymp.*) *Jobi uxorem ad ſuam virique vitam ſuſtentandam oſtiatim mendicaſſe.*

2 *Tempore multo tranſacto, as it is in the Septuagint.*

3. *If Theodoret ſpeak true.*

Chap. 3. verſ. 1. 3, &c.

Ah me moſt miſerable! let that night be never had in remembrance, when it was ſaid, a man childe is conceived. Curſed be that day with darkneſſe wherein I was born: let not God regard it from above, that the clouds may cover it as a Canopy with blackneſs to make it terrible: let not the Sunſhine come neer it; no, not ſo much as the twilight of the leſſer ſtars, becauſe it hid not theſe grievous ſorrows from my weeping eyes. Alas; why dyed I not before I ſaw my being? Better it had been for me to have periſhed in the Haven, then thus to have lanched forth into this ſea of troubles. O that I had been buried before I was born; and my Mothers Womb would have proved my Tomb; then ſhould I ſleep at quiet, and have been at reſt: but now my dayes are longthened to encreaſe my ſorrow. Deliver me, O God, out of this diſtreſs: O ſpare me a little before I go hence, and be no more ſeen. For there is hope of a tree, although the ſpreading top thereof be lopt, and the whole bulk cut down; yet it will ſpring again, and not ceaſe to ſend forth his tender Branch: yea, though the root wax old and die, yet by the ſent of moiſtning water, it will bud again, and flouriſh like a new ſet plant. *But we muſt needs die, and*

Chap. 14. 7.

8.

9.

and are as water ſpilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. A man dieth and waſteth away: yea, a man giveth up the Ghoſt, and where is he? 2 Sam. 14.14.

Man giveth up the Ghoſt: and where is he? Text.

Theſe words will bear a double conſideration. Diviſion.

One is Relative: and ſo they have dependance on the three precedent verſes of this Chapter: and thus my Text were a piece of *Jobs* compariſon, ſetting forth the diſtreſſed eſtate of a dying man, by the new and hopeful growth of an old conſuming tree. But this is not that which now I intend to follow. 1. Relative.

The other is Abſolute: and (in this reſpect) if you will be pleaſed (with me) to look upon the words, at the firſt view, you may behold, Firſt an affirmative Propoſition. *Man yieldeth up the Ghoſt.* 2. Abſolute. 1. Affirmative Propoſition.

Secondly, words of Conſequence, or a ſleight Inference by way of Queſtioning or Quere: *where is he?* 2. Inference.

In the Propoſition you have
1. The Subject, *Man.*
2. The Act of this Subject, *yieldeth up. Man yieldeth up,* 1. Part.
3. The object of this Act, or the *Depoſitum,* which is, *the Ghoſt. Man yieldeth up the Ghoſt.*

In the firſt, I ſhall take a ſhort ſurvey of man before he die. 1.
From the ſecond, you may learn the neceſſity of man to die. 2.
And in the third, the nature of our Life and Soul: and what it is for a man to die. 3.
Laſtly, I ſhall conclude with an anſwer to the Quere, and will tell you as (neer as I can) where a man is, when he ſhall die. 4. 2. Part.

Of theſe in their order, according to my Method of Diviſion. And firſt of the firſt; The Subject of this Diſcourſe, *Man.*

MAN.

We will take a Survey of Man before he die.

The laſt thing that received any Breath from God was Man, First Part.

not

not that he was leaſt, but perhaps becauſe the Lord ſhould have made ſo great a Prince in vain, if he had had no place wherein to rule. When the Lord had drawn out that large and real Map of the ſpacious world; he did then abridge it into the little Table of Man; which alone did conſiſt of Heaven and of Earth; of Soul and of a Body.

The Body of Man.

That the Body was created of Earth, I think that there is none doth doubt thereof: yet (ſaith *Arias Montanus*) it was not, *Ex qualibet humoſa & pinguiſſima*; *Ghaphar Adamah*, that is the Original, of a reddiſh ſoft, and the fatteſt Earth. Nor is it ſo, that God made an Image moulded out of Clay, but out of it (by the power of his word) came blood, fleſh and bones, with all the other parts of man, whoſe body is compounded of the four Elements, and doth partake of all their qualities, though earth predominates and nominates, whereunto the fleſh doth bear reſemblance; his vital Spirits agree with Air and Fire; his humors to the Water: yea, there is no piece ſo ſmall in the whole Frame of man, wherein every one of the Elements do not intermeddle their power, although one of them doth alwayes command above the reſt, and bear the ſway. Now as the parts of man are many, ſo the principal is the head; there dwell thoſe majeſtick powers of Reaſon, that make a man. The Senſes, as they have their original from thence, ſo do they all agree there to manifeſt their Vertue. How goodly proportions hath the Lord ſet in the face of man; in the Breaſt, the Arms, the Legs, and the whole ſtructure of every member? all as decent, as neceſsary. It were long for to ſpeak of the Homogeneous or ſimilary parts, which are nine, the Bone, Ligament, and the Griſtle; Sinew, Panicle, and the Cord or Filament; the Fleſh, the Artery, and the Veim. How hath the Lord diſpoſed of all the inward Veſsels, for the offices of Life, nouriſhment, and egeſtion; there is none of thoſe (forementioned) idle; there is no piece in this exquiſite frame, whereof the place, the uſe, and the form, do not admit wonder, and exceed it.

The Soul.

But what is this Bodie if compared to the Soul, no more then a clay wall that encompaſseth a treaſure, or a maſk to a Beautiful

beautiful face? Man was made laſt, becauſe he was the worthieſt: the Soul inſpired laſt, becauſe yet more noble. God that breatheth upon Man, and gives him the Holy Spirit; the ſame God did breath upon this Carkaſs, and gave it a living ſpirit. He alone did create our ſouls in their infuſion; and infuſed them in their creation. Our knowledge in the beginning, and our righteouſneſs was perfect like the firſt Copie from which we were drawn. O too too happy eſtate of man, had not his unclimly fall ſo cancelled the divine character! whence all the faculties of our ſoul are corrupted, continually prone to ſin. This now is the law of our members, and the wages thereof is death. O the hard condition of a man, that before he can offend, (even from the womb) he is neceſſitated to it. *Heraclitus* therefore ſtill wept in the conſideration of our humane miſery: and *Plinie* accounted him moſt happy, which ſhould die unborn; or being born ſhould die. Uſually the new born babe that is a Male, cryeth A: and the Female E. His fall and miſery.

Dicentes E vel A, quotquot naſcuntur ab Evah

And what means *Evah*, but *Heu Ha*? both are interjections of ſorrow, expreſſing the greatneſſe of their calamity. There was ſome reaſon then for that cuſtom amongſt the *Scythians*, who ſtill wept at the birth of their children, and did feaſt it out at the death of their parents: becauſe that then they were delivered out of all their troubles. O how full of anxiety are mindes of mortal men? cares and croſſes ſtill ſet upon them; they are encompaſſed with afflictions on every ſide: *Experto crede Magiſtro*: *Job* ſpake it by experience in his nineteenth Chapter; *If I am ungodly, then woe is me: and if juſt, I cannot lift up my head, being fil'd with miſery*. And from this no eſtate, condition, nor age is free: all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit. Our infancie is full of folly: youth of diſorder and toil: elder years of infirmity: each time hath its burthen, and that which may juſtly work our wearineſs. Art thou poor, O man? why then thou ſhalt be oppreſt with need, hunger, nakedneſs, and with cold. But art thou rich? why, hereby then thine abundance will prove to be thine overthrow: this gives thee reins to run after thy impious luſt; and to ruſh upon all unlaw- Job 19.

full Acts. Again art thou a ſervant? why then, either thy mind is terrified with threats; or thy body afflicted with many ſtripes. Or art thou a Maſter, and haſt others at command? why then, if thou art cruel, fear will poſſeſs thee of rebellious ſervants, and if kinde and affable, they will ſoon neglect thee, and wax inſolent. Either thy rigour will draw hatred on thy head, or familiarity contempt. So that there is no eſtate on earth can make a man compleatly happy. Yea, who ever lived one day in perfect joy? wherein either the guilt of conſcience, the violence of wrath, or the motions of concupiſcence, did not trouble him? wherein neither the ſpite of envie, the love of avarice, or ſwelling pride, did not touch him? and wherein neither loſs, offence, or paſſion did not move him? Yea, that very time, the night which is granted us for our reſt and quiet, is not granted to be quiet: for dreams do terrifie, and viſions do moleſt us, and although thoſe things are not truly terrible and ſorrowfull, which Dreamers dream; yet they are truly terrified, and are ſorrowful: inſomuch that ſometimes ſleeping they do weep, and waking are much diſturb'd. Yet above and beſides all this, there are divers ſickneſſes whereunto our nature is continually incident. All the induſtry of Phyſitians have not hitherto found out ſo many names for diſeaſes, as our humane frailty do dayly ſuffer, Suffer (did I ſay) unſufferableneſſe of diſeaſes; or unſufferable (did I ſay) ſufferance. The ſence will be beſt if we take both: for it is unſufferable from the bitterneſſe of the paſsions: and ſufferable for the neceſsitie of it. JESUS therefore when he ſaw *Mary* lamenting her late
John 11. 35. diſeaſed Brother, was troubled in the ſpirit, and wept: *John* 11. perhaps not becauſe that *Lazarus* was dead: but rather for that being dead and at reſt, he was about to recall him into the miſery of this preſent life. But the Lord again will deliver both
Job 14. 5. him and us out of all our troubles: for our time is determined, and he hath appointed our bounds which we cannot paſs: therefore we muſt die: Death is the wages of ſin; therefore we all ſhall die: and for to die is the law of nature; therefore we cannot chuſe but die: which ſheweth you my ſecond part, The neceſsity of death: The act in mans departing, *He yieldeth up.*

Homo

Homo moritur. Man yieldeth up. Second part.

There is a time to be born, and a time to die, ſaith the Preacher: but this Preacher could not tell us what year, or in what time of the year, this time of Death ſhould be. And that ſhe is moſt to be feared in March, and in Autumn, is no more then a popular perſwaſion. Every moneth, every day is fitted unto death. The Church yard is alwayes open; and every hour may be heard the dolefull ſound of the paſsing Bell. ſooner or later we muſt all ſhake hands with impartial death. It is true that *Enoch* is not yet dead; yet (ſaith *Aquinas*) he muſt ſometime die; for it is an irrevocable ſentence laid on ſin: *Morte moriemini*, ye ſhall ſurely die; or dying, you ſhall die; *Mot thamoth*, as it is in the original, *Gen.* 2. 17. Which kinde of ſpeech we may not call a Pleonaſm; or a vain Grammatical repetition, and doubling of the word *moriendi*: for in the Hebrew Dialect, by this is meant, *Certiſſimè mori*, the certainty and neceſsity of death: and not only this, but *citiſſimè mori*, the ſuddenneſs of death: and not only this, but *violenter mori*, the violence of death. For as often as the Scripture makes mention of death and doubleth it; there is not meant a natural death, but * violent and judicial. Our firſt parents died againſt nature, their death being an act only of Gods Juſtice towards them for their diſobedience. The Lord made a Covenant with *Adam*, wherein *Adam* tyed himſelf, his Heirs, and Executors, but he forfeited his Bond; and we that ſucceed him in his ſin, are lyable to the debt: Death is the debt that we muſt all pay though never ſo unwilling, as the word [*moriendum*] ſheweth; it would be bootleſs to reſiſt. Do we not receive our life but upon condition? why then ſhould we grieve to pay it at the firſt asking? A wiſe man will make a vertue of neceſsity; and when his ſoul that was lent him is required, he (will be thankfull unto God for its uſe, and) is very ready to render it to him again: he yieldeth it up. By death we reſtore but what was borrowed. *Homo vita commodatus* (* ſaith one) *non donatus eſt*. But I may well alter the caſe, and ſay, (*non homo vitæ, ſed*) *vita homini commodata eſt, non donata*. Doth God then lend us one another, and do we grudge when he calls for his own?

Eccles. 3. 2.

The neceſſitie of Death.

Gen. 5. 24. *Thom. Aquin, in Hebr. c.* 11.

Gen. 2. 17.

* *Philo-Judæus.*

* *Publius Mimus.*

So have I seen ill Debters, that borrow with prayers, keep with thanks, and repay with enmity. We much mistake our Tenure, and account that for gift, which God intends for loan. We are no more then Tenants at will, yet think our selves to be owners. If this condition were proper only to our selves and Climate; how unhappy should we seem to be? But behold, no place is secure from death. *Zacharie* shall meet her, though it be between the Temple and the Altar. Men had a Sanctuary to flie unto of old, yet there did *Priamus*, there did *Joab* die: and when is a man more sure then sitting? yet *Eli* fell down backward from his bench, and died. And do not every Prince, and Monarch dance with us in the same ring? But what speak I of Earth? the God of Nature, the Saviour of men have trod the same steps: and should we think much to follow him? No, Consider but a little the Emblem of impartial death, as * some have pictured it and we need not. A Carkass (it is) of man, that only doth consist of bones united by the nerves: ears, eyes, and nose it hath none: naked and terrible to behold: brandishing a sharp sickle with both her hands, as if cutting down of corn. This is the *Icon*, the image of death; wherein look how many parts, so many mysteries.

Ut pingitur per Gabrielem Inchinum.

Mortis Icon.

First, Death is pictured without eyes, as an indifferent Judg, *προσωπολήπτης*; she is no respecter of persons, which have no fear of the mighty, nor pitty on the poor: no noble dignity, nor resplendent shew; no riches, not the greatest treasure can procure her peace. O you Emperours, Popes, and Kings; Princes, and the greatest Potentates; your Thrones, Diadems, and purple robes; Sceptres, Crowns, and Miters, death casteth to the ground. You that are clothed in glorious garments and adorned to pomp shall die like men. Thou shalt not be safe, O *Cæsar*, in the Senate House: Death will as well finde an entrance to the stately Palace, as the poorest Cottage: *Pallida mors æquo pede pulsat pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres.*

1. Sine oculis.

Horat.

Secondly, without ears: that will admit no prayers, no supplications to pacifie her rage and fury. O you wise and learned Doctors, your eloquence, your knowledge shall not now prevail; she is deaf, and heareth not your Reasons and Arguments of

2. Sine auribus.

of Philosophie; not the pleading of the wrangling Lawyer, or the sweet tongued Orator. The Poet with his pleasant Jests; the subtil Sophister with his fallacies shall not now deceive her. She yieldeth not to the sighs of the afflicted, nor their tears: Finally the prayers of the humble; the vain smooth speeches of Flatterers she doth not, she cannot hear.

* *Heu, heu! quam surdâ miseros avertitur aure?*
Et flentes oculos eludere sæva negat. * Boet. de consolat. Philos.

Next Death is said to have no nose: as not to be deceived by any delightful smell. O you wanton and lascivious Girls! your fragrant odours will now be nothing worth: the apparel that is all perfumed, and your sweetest powders, Death will esteem as dust. *Jezabel* no sooner looks through the Window with her painted face, but it is torn in pieces by the ravenous Dogs. To what purpose then are all these kindes of savours, so many strange distilled waters, your Musk, Perfumes, and Ambers? 3. *Sine naribus* 2 Reg. 9. 30.

Death also is represented naked; to shew the small regard she hath of Coin, rewards, and Earths abundance. O you rich and wealthy men, whose hope is placed in your large possessions! think not when your Barns are full to be freed from death. *Thou fool if this night thy soul be required, then whose are those?* 4. *Nuda.* Luke 12. 20.

Again, Death is fained to have no flesh, no blood, nor skin: no esteem of tender Age, of strength, nor of complexion. 5. *Sine carne.*

Ipsa rapuit Juvenes, primâ florente juventa.

Lastly, Death doth shake her Sithe; to declare how she cuts down men like corn: the good together with the chaff, all shall down; that which is ripe for the coelestial Garner; and the green as straw to be burnt in eternal fire. When *Lazarus* is conveighed into *Abrahams* bosom, the rich Glutton shall be cast into the pit of Hell. 6. *Vibrans falcem.* Luke 16.

So thus (Beloved) by this *Mortis imago*, Deaths image, you may well conceive, how that all assuredly shall die. There is a necessity, it cannot be avoided, why then are we unwilling for to die?

Morieris, thou shalt die: why it were foolishness to fear what I cannot shun. I shall not be the first nor last: many have gone before, all shall follow. *Morieris*,

Morieris, thou ſhalt die: Why it is our humane nature, not a puniſhment. I had a beginning, and muſt therefore end.

Morieris, thou ſhalt die: Why it is no news, I am ſworn to it, and ſhould I then repent? to this purpoſe I came into the world, and every day am walking to the Grave.

Morieris, thou ſhalt die: Good God! what can be better unto mortal man? if Heaven be our countrey, earth is but a place of Baniſhment.

Morieris, thou ſhalt die! This is *Jus Gentium*, to pay the Creditor what we have received: why then ſhould a man repine? he knoweth this Coin not to be his own; that his Soul is only lent him, and he yieldeth up the Ghoſt, which is the *depoſitum*, the Act of this Subject, and now comes next to be handled. *Homo moritur*, Man yieldeth up the Ghoſt.

Third part.

GHOST.

That divine Eſſence, the Soul of man, is in Scripture ſometimes called a Spirit, and ſometimes a Ghoſt. *Stephen*, when he
Acts 7. 59. was ſtoned, cryed out, *Lord receive my Spirit*, *Acts* 7. JESUS
John 19. 30. *bowed, and gave up the Ghoſt*, John 19. But there hath been great contention amongſt Philoſophers, what this Soul, this Ghoſt ſhould be. *Thales Mileſius*, the Athenian, (who lived in Kings *Ahabs* dayes) was the firſt that ever would undertake
Of the Souls Eſſence: to define it; and that was thus. The Soul is a nature alwayes moving it ſelf. *Pythagoras* did make it no more then a number; and *Plato*, A moving ſubſtance that went by Harmony.
Ariſtotle lib. 2. de anim. cap. 1. text. 6. But *Ariſtotle* (comes neerer to the purpoſe, and) calleth it Ἐντελέχεια, a continual Act of a natural, of an inſtrumental Body, that may have life. But indeed we may more truly ſay what the Soul is not, then what it is: the greateſt perfection we deſcribe by Negatives. She cannot proceed from the matter, from the figure, or qualities of the Body: neither from the Harmony, Conjunction, and Agreement of the ſame: this the ſoul is not. The vital and animal ſpirits, are only the Inſtruments of the ſoul, and not the ſoul it ſelf: if otherwiſe, ſhe were not immortal, but would periſh together with the Body. Now the ſoul can be without the body, and vital ſpirits; though the

the bodie and vital ſpirits cannot be without the ſoul: without her the bodie moveth not all. She in a moment by the cogitations paſſeth through the whole Heavens, encompaſſeth the Earth and Seas: this is inviſible, and cannot be perceived by ſenſe. For the operations of her Eſſence, ſhe hath *S*pirit, Will and Judgement; *S*enſe, Underſtanding, Reaſon: and for her Beauty, Temperance, Juſtice, and other Vertues of the Minde: in fine, ſhe is ſo divine, that ſhe can hardly be comprehended by Reaſon, much leſs then be perceived by ſenſe. God hath given us a ſoul more to uſe it, then to know it: He only knows it perfectly that is above it; we now know it only by the effects, but ſhall come to a cleerer revelation in the eternal Heavens.

Neither do the Philoſophers wrangle more concerning the Eſſence of our ſouls, then they differ about the parts thereof. Moſt and the lateſt writers would have them to be four: Underſtanding, Reaſon, Anger, and Deſire: but yet the beſt received opinion will allow no more then two, under which they comprize the reſt. The one is ſpiritual, intellectual, and therein you have the diſcourſe of Reaſon: the other ſenſual, brutiſh, which is the Will, wandering of it ſelf, diſordered, wherein all evil deſires have their dwelling. However the ſoul (that is immortal) cannot properly be ſaid to be divided: becauſe what is divided, diſſolveth; and what is diſſolved, periſheth: yet it may be ſaid to be compounded, and made ſubject (during the union with the body) to theſe two principal parts, the Will and Underſtanding. The ſoul indeed may be ſaid to be divided (but in another ſenſe) to be ſeparated from the body; which may happen even in the beſt complexions: if there be any exceſſe or defect in the Humors, then it cauſeth Death; in the Radical Humor I mean, which is the root of Life: for as the heat conſumeth this Humidity, ſo doth the party languiſh, he dieth: juſt like the flame which leſſeneth her light and vigour, as the oil waſteth in the Lamp, till it be extinguiſhed. Again, the life of man conſiſteth in his breath, which is no more then winde or Air that refreſh the Heart, which if retained either in the Mouth or Artery, the man is ſurely dead. What then is death, but the taking down of theſe ſticks

Of the parts of the Soul.

The cauſes of Death.

Wherein Life conſiſteth.

ſticks whereof this earthly Tent is built? But the ſeparation of two great Friends until they meet again: but the Goal-delivery of a long Priſoner that rejoyces to be at liberty. The ſleep of the Body, and the awaking of the Soul which haſteneth to be gone, flyeth away, and where is ſhe? my laſt particular, the Quere. *Man yieldeth up the Ghoſt, and where is he?*

Fourth part. *Ubi eſt? Where is he?*

Where the Body is. Although it hath been a cuſtom, amongſt ſome Heatheniſh people, to burn the bodies of their dead; and the more Barbarous for to eat them: yet ſtill the moſt civil nations had the humanity to bury the Corps of their deceaſed Friends; for keep them we cannot, becauſe they corrupt, they putrifie. Their Bodies therefore are committed to the ground, duſt to duſt, and aſhes to aſhes, as in THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, That the Bodies of the dead do return to the Earth from whence they were taken, no man can deny. But what is become of the

Where the Soul. ſoul? there is the queſtion. Where is ſhe? Doth ſhe vaniſh into nothing, or wander in the Air? doth ſhe enter into beaſts, and ſo inform them? is ſhe idle and falls aſleep? or elſe doth ſhe haſten into Purgatory, or fly to Heaven? There is the queſtion; Where is ſhe? Doth ſhe vaniſh into nothing?

1. No. The *Saddnces* dare not die, for fear of not being; and do merrily ſing with the Hogs of the *Epicures* Stye, *Ede, bibe, lude, poſt mortem nulla voluptas.* But the Chriſtian is aſſured that the ſoul is immortal (otherwiſe he denyeth the hope of his reſurrection, and his faith is alſo vain) he doth well know that his ſoul ſurvives his body; ſhe cannot be annihilated, nor vaniſh like a vapour: why then, where is ſhe? In the Air?

2. No. The ſpirits of the dead do not wander in the Earth nor Aia; they frequent not Churchyards, Sepulchers, nor Tombs; and what after death is ſeen, is but the devil to deceive the people in their likeneſs; ſhe ſhall no more be beheld of men. Why then, where is ſhe? Doth ſhe inform any other creature?

* *Chryſ. hom. 2. of Lazarus.*

3. No. The tranſmigration of Souls was but a fable that the * *Egyptians* had taught *Pythagoras*, and *Pythagoras* the *Platoniſts*; who * believed how that (that in tract of time) there ſhould

* *Herodian. Lib. 2.*

Aug. Lib. 12. de civit. Dei.

ſhould come a certain year, wherein all cauſes and effects long paſt, ſhould return again, and continue conſtant: as for example, that at *Athens*, *Plato* himſelf, who once had many Pupils there, after a long appointed ſeaſon (36000 thouſand years) the ſame *Plato*, City, and School, ſhould return again; in which ſpace *Ptolomy* the great Aſtronomer did conceive that the courſe and motion of the Sphere would be finiſhed from Weſt to Eaſt. And in the mean time it is taught by theſe bruiſh men, that when the ſoul doth depart the bodie, ſhe doth inform ſome Beaſt anſwerable to her former life: that the ſoul of an haſty and an angry man ſhould degenerate into a Serpent: Thieves into Wolves; and thoſe that are delighted in ſwiniſh pleaſure into Hogs: *Homer* into a Peacock, and *Orpheus* into a Swan. Yea, and *Origen* writeth, that this Hereſie of the ſouls departed) hapned among ſome (in his dayes) that were ſeeming Chriſtians, occaſioned by that they did not rightly nnderſtand the Scriptures: as where it is ſaid by Chriſt of *John* the *Baptiſt*, *He is Elias*, they refer that ſpeech to the ſoul of *John*; which was only meant to be in the Spirit or power of *Elias*, to convert their ſouls unto God: They did not know how a man doth become a Dog or an Aſſe; *Herod* is a Fox: it is by their reſemblance in condition: not that the ſoul doth depart into a Beaſt. Why then, where is ſhe? is ſhe alwayes idle, or aſleep?

* *Origen. lib. de proverb. Solom.*

No. *I* (ſaith the Lord) *am the God of Abraham, the God of Iſaac, and the God of Jacob; God is not the God of the dead, but of the living*, *Matth.* 22. And if the ſoul departed live, ſhe cannot be aſleep nor idle; for to live is to be in action: and what action doth better agree unto a departed Soul then the love and contemplation of her God? although *Irenæus*, (and ſome others) will not grant thus much before the reſurrection day. Whoſe opinion doth ſeem to be grounded on that in the ſixth of the *Apocalyps*, and the ninth verſe: where S. *John* ſaw lying under the Altar, the ſouls of them that were ſlain: but this is anſwered in the next verſe, That they cryed unto God, and therefore were not aſleep. But where then doth this Altar ſtand? when the ſoul is under it, where is ſhe? In Purgatory?

4. Matth. 22.32.

Apoc. 6.9.10.

No. The Papiſts ſtrangely talk of four infernal places in the bowels of the Earth: Hell, Purgatory, *Limbus patrum*, and *Infantium*. Perhaps Hell may be there, but the reſt are fabulous. Hell they account to be the loweſt, and would have Purgatory to be next: where the ſoul ſhall be ſure to bear enough, not only *pœna damni*, but *ſenſus* too. As for the antiquity of this Purgatory, even *Plato* is cited (by S. *Auguſtine* and *Euſebius*) to be the Patron of it. Yea, and may not *Homer* and *Virgil* too be alleadged for't? for who doubts but that Poets are alwayes Orthodox? Yet (O the cold devotion of thoſe times!) this fire never began to burn out, before Pope *Gregories* dayes, and ſince that, the Authority of the Turkiſh Alcoran hath much added to the flames thereof; where there is ſeven yeers puniſhment for every ſin. But ſee now (I pray) the vanity of this new invention. Are not all the Articles of our Faith declared in ſacred Writ: yet there we hear nothing of this fained Purgatory. *Solomon* doth utterly quench this fire,: *The ſouls of the righteous are in the hands of God* (ſaith he) *and no torment ſhall come nigh them. Wiſd.* 3. Behold then, either ſouls without a Purgatory, or a Purgatory without pain, *Come unto me all you that labor, & are heavy laden* (ſaith Chriſt) *and I will eaſe you. Mat.* 11. Lord, whither wilt thou ſend us? into Purgatory? Surely there is little eaſe, if the fire be ſo hot as the Papiſts tell us. *Thy ſins* (ſaith God) *I will no more remember. Eſay* 44. Call you that no remembrance of them to caſt us into Purgatory? *I deſire* (ſaith S. *Paul*) *to be looſed, and to be with Chriſt. Phil.* 1. Verily if he had thought to have gone through Purgatory he would not have been ſo haſty: for there he ſhould be ſure to have met with a hot Bath, to have cooled his courage. Doubtleſs his ſoul that is departed did eſcape this place of torment: And where then is ſhe? Is ſhe gone and aſcended up the Heavens?

Aug. lib 21. cap. 13. de civit. Dei.

Euſeb. de præfat. Evang. lib. 1. cap. ult.

Sap. 3. 1.

Matth. 11. 18.

Eſay 44.

Philip. 1. 23.

Yes. If *Abrahams* boſom be in Heaven: a Heaven it may be, though not the Heaven of Heavens: *In Cœlo beatorum*, thongh not *In ſancto ſanctorum*: the higheſt and moſt glorious Heaven. There are but two wayes for Souls departed (ſaith *Chryſoſtome*) ſome are hurried to the place of puniſhment;

Chryſ. 2. hom. de Lazaro.

ment: and others are conveyed by Angels into Heaven: not in an inſtant (for that were an act of the Deity it ſelf) but they paſs by a Phyſical, by a local motion, though it be no longer then the twinkling of an Eye. This *Abrahams* Boſom is a place of bliſs, and receptacle of ſouls departed, wherein there is peace and tranquillity of minde, being in the ſight of God; yet that ſight of God is as through a veil, not cleer: for how (ſaith *Origen*) can they have the full viſion, and perfect happineſs, as long as they grieve at our errours, lament our ſins, and have a longing deſire to be united to their bodies? *Bellarmin* indeed taketh great pains, to prove (in ſix long Chapters) that the Saints departed do preſently enjoy the full ſight of God, and enter into perfect bliſs; and reproveth M. *Calvin*, becauſe he ſaith, that the Saints are yet in hope of the full fruition. But the Fathers generally deny, that the ſouls of the Saints are yet in the very ſame place where the glorified Bodie of Chriſt remains. *S. Chryſoſtom*, *S. Hillary*, and *S. Auguſtine*: *Juſtine* the Martyr, *S. Ambroſe*, and *Tertullian*, I could here alledge, who do all agree that the ſouls of the righteous are carried into Paradiſe or *Abrahams* Boſom, there to remain in hope and joy, but yet uncrowned, until the end of things bring the fulneſſe of reward by the reſurrection of all men. But what this *Abrahams* boſom is, whether *Lazarus* ſoul was conveyed by the Angels, or where it is, the moſt learned hitherto could not know; and therefore I dare not, I cannot determine it: Only by the words of *S. Bernard* in his third ſermon on *All-Saints day*, I conceit it to be next unto the higheſt Heavens, immediatly without the glorious preſence of Almighty God. There are three eſtates of the ſoul (ſaith he) in the corruptible body, without the body, & in perfect bleſſedneſſe. The firſt is in the Tabernacles: the ſecond in the Courts; and the third in the houſe of God: But into this moſt happy houſe, the ſouls of the Saints ſhall not enter before us, without us, or without their bodies.

Origen. hom. 7. in Levit.

Bellar. lib de Sanctis.

Chryſ. i. Epiſt. ad Corinth. hom. 39. Hillar. in pſal. 36. Juſt. q1.75. Ambr. tract. de bono mortis cap. 10. Tert. adverſ. Marcionem l. 4.

Bern. in Feſtum omnium ſanctorum. ſerm. 3.

Art thou grieved, O departing ſoul, becauſe at (an inſtant) thou ſhalt not receive thy full reward? Why what then ſhould *Abel* do, who overcame ſo long ſince, and not yet glorified? what *Noah*, the Patriarchs, the Prophets, and the reſt of thoſe

times? for behold (they expected thee, and expect others after thee) they prevented us in their conflicts, but they shall not in their crowns. What though this Carkass be left to rottenness for a time, when my soul at the very instant of separation, knows her self to be happie? What although my friends mourn about my Bed and Coffin, when my soul is gone to enjoy the the loving embracements of my Lord and Saviour? And what matter is it though my name be forgotten amongst men, when I live above, so neer unto the God of spirits? that part which is corrupted feels it not: but my soul findeth an abundant recompence, and foreseeth a joyful reparation, in the resurrection of the just. When this mortality shall be clothed with immortality; then all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, both bodie and soul shall be made partakers of eternal happiness. When the veil shall be taken away, then we shall all enter into that *Sanctum Sanctorum*, Gods chamber of presence, where we shall have a full, even a cleer sight of the beatifical vision. When the day shall no more give place to night, and time shall cease to be, by the consummation of all things, then we shall live, and raign with God the Father, with God the Son, and with God the holy Ghost, in perfect joy, in perfect bliss, and in perfect Glory; for ever everlastingly, even world without end.

ENCOM--EPILOGUE.

Now here at this Funeral Solemnity, you may well expect something to be spoken of this our deceased, deerest Friend: and indeed (although it might better beseem another mans tongue then mine own, yet being my lot to be now in this place) I cannot omit it, without incurring the guilt of an injury to the dead: for as I utterly disallow the custome of some men, that justifie the ungodly, by often abusing the Pulpit with their pleasing tongues, that savour more of Flattery then of Truth; so neither would I be perverse to condemn the Innocent, and rob vertue of her reward, which doth here principally consist in praise.

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The Object here ſet before our eyes, is the ſubject of my Text, a ſad ſpectacle of Mortality, Man. If we ſearch the Records for his antiquity and deſcent, it appeareth that his Father was an *Amorite*, and his Mother a *Hittite*, even one of *Adams* own ofspring, in that he was made ſubject to the Act, the curſe, when he yielded up the Ghoſt: *Morte moriêris*, thou ſhalt ſurely die; an irrevocable ſentence denounced by Gods own mouth, for our former fault and diſobedience. But, and if we come neerer to our ſelves, of his Deſcent and Parentage I will not ſpeak, for he was known as well to many others here preſent, as my ſelf: onely I ſhall deſire thus much, that none here amongſt you will deſpiſe him, becauſe he was your Neighbour, and your Countrey man; nor to ſay of him diſdainfully (as the *Nazarites* did once of Chriſt) His Father and his Mother we well did know: his Brethren, his Siſters, and his Children are they not all with us? whence then hath this man any vertuous or religious Works?

In the firſt place, at his Birth-day, when the curtain of the attiring room was drawn, he then did enter upon the Stage of this preſent world, where his Prologue was but ſhort, and he ſpoke but little by reaſon of his Infancie; only he ſhewed to the world the meekneſs of his diſpoſition, and good inclination of his nature. But when he came to ſome riper years of Judgement, he then well acted his part which was variable and full of changes, to the life expreſſing the vanity and uncertainneſs of humane kinde; where he left his paths for our feet to tread upon, and drawed forth a pattern for us to imitate by a pious converſation. His Zeal to God was expreſſed not only by his delight he had to frequent the Temple of the Lord; but alſo by his daily prayers in his private family. The chaſtity of his words and actions did declare that he never violated his plighted troth to his loving wife, for his ſoul ſolely clave unto her: And the love that he alwayes had to his needy neighbour did promulge his charity: who only not omitted the occaſion of well doing, but alſo ſometimes ſought it, well knowing that he had loſt that day wherein he had not done ſome good. It would here be tedious to ſpeak of his domeſtick diſcipline;

diſcipline; to recite his publick converſation, which was alwayes juſt, honeſt and vertuous: and that the words I utter may the better appear to be impartial, I take all you to record that hear me this day, how that he was pure from offence to all men, and I am verily perſwaded that no man can juſtly ſay as much as black unto his eye. Truth was placed in his words, and conſtancie in his deeds. There was a freedom in his preſence, and in his viſage cheerfulneſſe. He was eaſie to forgive, courteous unto all, yea even to his enemies, for ſome he had, becauſe vertue cannot be without them. In a word, he carried himſelf in all his Fortunes with an equal mind, not too much puft up with the ſwelling floods of proſperitie; neither ſinking to deſpair at the loweſt ebbe of adverſity. Of whom (me thinks) the more I ſay, the more is ſtill behinde and unſaid. I am taken with the largeneſs of his goodneſs, even the plenty of his praiſes were enough to make me eloquent. What ſhall I ſay of this mans uprightneſs, when that of *Horace* might more then an hundred times be repeated of him: *Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus?* and what ſhall I ſay of his Conſtancie, Faith, and Patience? with all which he was ſo excellently well adorned, that whereas he was not ſecond unto any, ſo you ſhall finde out few that can equal him, but to be excelled by none.

Thus have I in him repreſented to your view a ſhort platform for your imitation in the way of Godlineſs; a moral Comedie which the ſoul of our deereſt departed Friend hath here acted amongſt us, in this now dead Trunk, this Carkaſs, to the general applauſe of all the Spectators, only I ſhall deſire you to hear his Epilogue, and I have done, to finiſh his Pilgrimage, although it be Tragical.

The ſame magnanimity of ſpirit that kept him all his life time, did not now forſake him, even in his greateſt ſickneſs, for being viſited of the Lord by divers (as I ſuppoſe) and ſtrong diſeaſes, he bore them all moſt patiently, inſomuch (that although I was after my own recovery, very often with him, yet) could not at any time obſerve him, either to grudg, groan, or ſigh for grief under the rod of Gods correction: neither

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was his heart any thing dismayed at the remembrance of his dissolution, for he told me again and again, that although his bodie was weak, yet his soul was strong by Faith in Christ, for the remission of his sins: he well knew, it was that mans property to be afraid of death, who is unwilling for to go to Christ: accounting that the earth was not given us for a dwelling place, but an Inne; that our being here which we call [Life,] is not so properly a life indeed, as a journey to it: that his Hope was not here fixt on Earth, but Heaven: that he knew full well whither he was going, not by his own merits, but the mercies of Christ, in whom alone he had placed his confidence of eternal safety. And in this assurance he devoutly took the holy Sacrament of the Lords Supper (at my hands) to furnish him with fit provision for his journey to his long home: so that at length when his glass was run, he willingly gave an ear to his Makers call; and in the midst of his childrens tears, & their pious invocations, he departed hence from this vale of misery: He yielded up the Ghost, and where is he? As for his soul, 'tis fled: we may go to him, he cannot come to us: why do we weep and mourn? his gain doth far exceed our loss: he is now in Paradise, in *Abrahams* Bosom, for the Angels have conveyed him to his place of rest. But as for his Corps, this breathless bodie, which doth here remain with us, let us accompanie it unto the Grave, the last kinde office we can shew to our deerest Friend, and interre it in the dust, where it may lie in peace and rest until the resurrection at the last, when we with him again may receive a joyfull union both of bodie and of soul, and enter into that most glorious Heaven of everlasting happinesse; Sing an eternal Halleluiah; Salvation, and Honour; Justice, and Power; Mercie, and Thanksgiving, be ascribed unto him that sitteth upon the Throne and unto the Lamb for evermore. *Amen.*

FINIS.